

Domestic Life by ObeyDontStray

Series: [In Another Life \(AU collection\)](#) [6]

Category: Stranger Things - Fandom

Genre: F/M, May continue this later, not really an AU but anyway, roommates au

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers

Relationships: Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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Summary:

Roommates AU. Takes place after high school, before Jim leaves for police academy.

Domestic Life

Jopper Roommate AU

Joyce did not ask to be the roommate of her ex high school sweetheart. But here she sat, stubbornly two feet away from him on the couch, wrapped in a blanket and freezing. She and Lonnie had broken up again for the umpteenth time and he kicked her out of his shitty apartment. She knew Jim had a big trailer all to his own. She knew she could live with him if she had to. She knew she had nowhere else to go. This was only temporary. He'd be off to the academy once summer ended. That'd be enough time for her to get back on her feet.

"You're still cold?" He asked, casting a sidelong look at her. "It's the middle of summer."

"I just don't retain body heat."

He slid his arm across the back of the sofa, his fingertips mere inches from her shoulder. "I can share. I have enough for the two of us."

"You can drop the stupid act, Jim."

"It's not an act. I'm here. You're here. No reason we have to live so separately."

"There's a reason we broke up."

"Yeah. Lonnie Byers was the bad boy. But I'm here, and he's not."

Joyce reached across the couch with her leg and kicked Jim squarely in the thigh. He caught her foot and dragged it into his lap and held it there, working his thumbs and massaging it. She hated herself for it, but she slid her other foot into his waiting hands.

"I hate you." She said sarcastically.

"I know." He chuckled. "I'll remember that next time you need somewhere to stay." He fired back, laughing.

"Thanks." She mumbled quietly. "What was that?" He asked, ghosting his fingers across the arch of one of her feet, causing her to shiver. "Thank you. For letting me stay here."

"Of course." He said, one of his hands smoothing up her leg.

"Don't think this means anything, though. I don't owe you anything."

"Of course not." Jim said, his hands resuming the task of massaging her feet. "For what it's worth, I'm glad your here." She moved her legs from her lap and scooted closer to him where he moved his arm so that she could settle against his side. He was really warm, like he had offered.

Without thinking he pressed a kiss to her temple. "Don't do that." She hissed, making an effort to move away but he tightened his grip on her shoulder. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Don't leave." He said, relaxing his hold on her. She stayed put against his side, but her shoulders tensed.

"We can't do this, Jim. We can't be all cute and domestic when you're leaving in a few months."

"You can go with me when I leave."

"I have a life here, Jim."

"Lonnie Byers is not a life, Joyce."

"And you are?" She said, backing up from him defensively.

"Fuck this." He grumbled, perusing her and kissing her hard. "I'm here. I've never run from you. Even when you pushed me away." He said against her mouth.

She shoved him, hard, with both hands against his shoulders. "I can't do this. Goodnight, Jim." She stood quickly and made her way to her room to the back of the house, slamming the door behind her.